

THE DRAMA;  
OR,  
THEATRICAL  
POCKET MAGAZINE.

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Vol. I.

MR. KEAN.

"Hail to thee KEAN! for thou alone can'st raise  
The pride,—the glory, of departed days;  
What GARRICK was, we now behold in thee,  
And in thy genius all his prowess see!"

THE revolutions in the *Dramatic* world, are as various as those in the political; he who towers to an eminence in either justly becomes the theme of the Biographer.

In depicting the merits and peculiarities of those who fill our stage, who are as SHAKESPEARE emphatically observes,

"the abstract and brief chronicles of the times,"

we commence with that performer, who is not by length of years the father of the stage, but who has suddenly swept all before him like an impetuous torrent. Mr. KEAN's career has been marked by a dazzling brilliance that eclipses all his cotemporaries, and causes even those who are most

vociferous in support of GARRICK's fame—immortal be that fame—to admit that the subject of our inquiries, if he does not equal, at least approaches close to the qualities of that great actor, whose era forms as it were an epoch in the drama—and if we take a retrospective view bounds our horizon:—*Beyond* that horizon we look into a different dramatic age—*Within* that horizon we view COOKE and KEMBLE soaring in dramatic majesty—on the extreme verge is GARRICK—but here, as the link that connects us with the whole, is KEAN.

Had it not been for Mr. KEAN's fortunate engagement at Drury Lane seven years since, ruin must speedily have desolated the concern—Boxes nearly empty,—a pit not half full—and the usually cheerless aspect of the house greeted him on his first appearance as *Shylock*, on the 26th of January 1814. It was not the *first* time the writer of this sketch had seen Mr. KEAN, and it was with no small gratification he found the expressions of approbation from the audience encreasing with every scene. It was directly admitted that Mr. KEAN's acting was in an *original* style and peculiarly his own, there was a vigorous animation and fire thrown throughout the whole performance that commanded admiration, and at the same time it afforded to those who witnessed his first efforts in London, a striking contrast no doubt, to the elucidations of that *heavy* Actor Mr. Stephen Kemble, who had but recently been *filling* the character. However it was allowed universally, that Mr. Kean portrayed

“ ———— The Jew  
That Shakespeare drew,”

and his fame was soon rumoured abroad. Richard Duke of Gloucester was represented by him, for the first time, on the 12th of February following.

This is a character he has so completely identified to reality, that in the mind of the dramatic admirer KEAN and *Richard* will ever be so associated that the mention of the one will simultaneously be connected with the other, for when we see him in the character we alone contemplate

“ ———— The crook-back'd tyrant,  
Cruel, barbarous, and bloody.”

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Mr. Kean has represented this character to nearly two hundred distinct London audiences, and his representation of it even to the last, seemed to afford fresh delight to Theatrical amateurs; the wily duplicity displayed in the scene with Lady Anne;—his manner of sketching on the ground the plan for action with the point of his sword in thoughtful haste; are only two of the beauties that must be uppermost in the minds of those who have witnessed this performance. —But let us pass on to his *Hamlet*, which he represented on the 13th of March following.—Perhaps before we touch upon this we ought to admit that the objections which have so repeatedly been urged against Mr. KEAN'S voice have hardly ever been felt; by us, at least, as of consequence except in this character. *Hamlet* is an individual wrapt up in contemplation, who thinks as it were aloud—therefore generally speaking, the thoughts should flow from the actor in a tranquil and clear tone, without that turgidity which sometimes hangs around Mr. KEAN'S enunciation; which always *heightened* his turbulent delineations of passion, but which occasionally *obscured* his calmer soliloquies. When we recollect, however, the brilliant expression of internal feeling that he appeared unable to repress in the scene where the Court witness the play, his whole delivery of the soliloquy—" *To be, or, not to be,*" and subsequent colloquy with *Ophelia*, we need rake up no defects to mar his performance of this character.

We now come to his *Othello*. We were amongst that crowd of persons who deemed themselves fortunate in witnessing his performance on the night when *Iago* was sustained by that child of controversy and managerial cupidity—now faded into "*cold and silent neglect*"—BOOTH; and certainly Mr. Kean never enacted the character with more effect. The look of unutterable feeling, and the tone of agony with which he uttered the words "*Ha! false to me! to me!*" and "*I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips,*" were equal, if not superior, to any of the efforts of this great tragedian. Upon the whole his *Othello* may be classed among the best specimens of his histrionic powers—It is only inferior to his *Richard*.

In *Macbeth* the dagger scene claims pre-eminence—but splendidly as this play was "*got up,*" (to use a technical

phraze) at Drury Lane, Mr. Kean sunk below his general scale of performance in depicting the "*Thane of Cawdor*." In the scene with the Witches he kept up the effect throughout with particular success—and at the banquet where the ghost of Banquo fills the vacant chair, we can point out no look, word, or action, that did not fully accord with the impressive terror of the scene. In the bustle of preparation he exhibited the full scope of his agility and power of action; and at his fall he painted the regret—the fear—the horror of a guilty soul, in accents truly original.—Not as in *Richard* cursing with his last breath, and daring Heaven itself by his impiety, but full of remorse and terror—wishing to supplicate but not knowing how. Hoping, yet doubting if the mercy of Heaven be free enough to forgive him. He breathes his last in despairing hopelessness. Mr. KEAN's acting throughout the whole of this scene was terrifically grand, and we think cannot possibly be surpassed.

The characters in which he may be said to have failed were principally *Romeo*, *Hotspur*, *Coriolanus*, *Zanga*, and *Penruddock*;—indeed for the former character he was wholly unfit, and who could witness the performance of the latter ones, without feeling the want of that majesty and grandeur with which Mr. KEMBLE has so recently personated them.—His *Timon*, *Ludovico Sforza*, *Richard the II.*, *King John*, and the *Jew of Malta*, (1) although each contained the most sublime touches, proved unattractive,—but this may principally be attributed to the heaviness of the respective pieces. His *Bertram* and *Onreah*, had each their beauties—but amongst modern plays his *Brutus* exceeds all other efforts: his sudden transition from his idiotcy to his full powers of mind—the scarcely concealed

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(1) A Cotemporary publication of that period observes, "that to point out every scene in which he excelled would be to insert half the piece, but his opening soliloquy with the Governor in which he is plundered of his money—in the subsequent tremendous curse—and in the night-scene with his daughter; he delighted the audience by a display of such acting as has rarely been exhibited even by himself."

feelings the suppression of which seemed almost to convulse him during *Tarquins* declaration of his crime, the fine burst of passion that follows the recital, and the manner in the closing scene in which his voice clung to his throat whilst he stifled his feelings as it were by agonizing calmness, claims our highest admiration.

Comedy was a line Mr. Kean only stepped into to serve occasional purposes, otherwise his *Sylvester Daggerwood* and *Abel Dragger* were good in themselves—but they were beneath the dignity of a tragedian of his eminence,—but not so his *Luke*, and *Reuben Glenroy*:—The latter in many instances was a peculiar happy performance.—In *Sir Giles Overreach* Mr. KEAN resembled some ancient portrait kindled into life—he brought the very man before us—so varied and alive was every part of his performance that it was more like a continued succession of striking pictures than aught else.—“*A new way to pay old debts*,” is heavy in itself—to the acting alone must be attributed the pleasure afforded to crowded audiences. The Character as well as the diction allotted to it by *Massinger*, admitted of all those epigrammatic touches which characterize Mr. KEAN: A characteristic may be certainly pushed sometimes to a most woeful extent—in his starts and pauses—not unfrequently in attempting to create what has been termed a “*New Reading*”—dividing a sentence into a manner just the reverse of the author’s meaning, and after a dead pause, or after depressing his voice almost to a whisper, rushing onward with sudden vehemence till his declamation was but—rant. We must admit that this has rather increased upon him latterly—but where are we to find the actor without imperfections? the very life and soul of acting consists in variation of tone—delivery—and gesture; monotony would be worse than the other extreme. However we may justly say of Mr. KEAN in the words of *Churchill*,

“Where he falls short—’tis Nature’s fault alone;  
Where he succeeds—the merit’s all his own.”

It only remains for us to notice *King Lear*, a character the public had long been impatient to see Mr. KEAN sustain—and one which was indeed a truly fine performance; though in some parts we believe it fell rather short of the

anticipation of some of Mr. KEAN's decided admirers, particularly in the opening acts.—As may be naturally supposed, one of the most effective passages was his imprecation on *Goneril*, which was horribly grand, and cannot but be remembered by every auditor. But Mr. K. reserved himself for the two last acts. His interviews with Cordelia and the gradual resumption of his dominion of reason, which had been for a while suspended were pourtrayed with a fidelity to nature that reached every heart—and drew forth rapturous applause. His exclamation to *Gloster*

“The King would speak with Cornwall; the dear father  
Would with his daughter speak; *commands* her service.  
Are they informed of this? My breath and blood!  
*Fiery!*—The *fiery Duke!* Tell the hot duke—  
*No, but not yet; may be he is not well.*”

And upon the entrance of *Cornwall* and *Regan*,—

“Bid 'em come forth and hear me;  
Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,  
Till it cry—sleep to death.—  
—————*Oh! are you come?*”

Were given with electric effect. Indeed if we take this performance

“With all its imperfections on its head,”  
we must allow that since the days of Garrick  
“the techy choleric old king fourscore years and upward”  
has never been so faithfully or so grandly pourtrayed.

We must now conclude our sketch,—But previously, we call on all lovers of good acting to admire Mr. KEAN for his near approach to the standard of unrivalled excellence. Let the captious, carp on at the spots in the sun, till their captious spirit shall of itself expire. Its brightness is sufficient to dazzle the eyes that would pry into its obscurities and defects. Of Mr. KEAN we may justly say in the words of the “immortal bard,” whom he so admirably illustrates—

“He is a man—take him for all in all  
We ne'er shall look upon his like again.”

If we attend to the *drawbacks* on his acting, he is alto-

gether without *competition*.—Give him but the allowance *due to them*, and he must be acknowledged a *prodigy*!

“———To the sight

No giant form sets forth his common height;  
Yet in the *whole*, who paused to look again,  
Saw *more* than mark'd the crowd of *vulgar* men.  
They gaze and marvel how, and still confess,  
That so it *is*,—but *why*, they cannot guess.”

LORD BYRON.

The following is a list of those Characters Mr. Kean has sustained since his first appearance on the metropolitan boards,—Characters which we trust 'ere long to see him again reviving to the support of our stage, and the gratification of his innumerable admirers.

### 1814.

Jan. 26,—Shylock.  
Feb. 12,—Richard III.  
Mar. 12,—Hamlet.  
May 5,—Othello.  
May 7,—Iago.

May 25,—Luke.—[“*Riches*,” altered from the  
“*City Madam*.”]  
Nov. 5,—Macbeth.

### 1815.

Jan. 6,—Romeo.  
Feb. 13,—Reuben Glenroy.  
Mar. 9,—Richard II.  
\*April 22,—Egbert.—[*Ina*.]  
April 29,—Penruddock.  
May 24,—Zanga, and Abel  
Drugger.

June 20,—Leon.  
July 4,—Octavian.  
Nov. 6,—Bajazet.  
Dec. 5,—Duke Aranza.  
Dec. 14,—Goswin.—  
[“*Merchant of Bruges*.”]

### 1816.

Jan. 12,—Sir Giles Overreach.  
Mar. 9,—Ludovico Sforza.  
[Duke of Milan.]  
\*May 9,—Bertram.

June 5,—Kitely.  
Oct. 28.—Timon of Athens.  
Nov. 23,—Sir Edward Mortimer.

## 1817.

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|---------------------------|------------------------|
| Jan. 20,—Oroonoko.        | May 26,—Achmet & Paul. |
| *Mar. 8,—Manuel.          | [Paul and Virginia.]   |
| May 14,—Eustache de Saint | Dec. 22,—Richard.—[Ri- |
| Pierre.                   | chard Duke of York.]   |

## 1818.

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|--------------------------|-------------------------|
| *Feb. 5,—Selim.—[“ Bride | June 8,—Alexander the   |
| of Abydos.”]             | Great, & Sylvester Dag- |
| April 24,—Barabbas.      | gerwood.                |
| May 6,—Young Norval.     | Oct. 22,—Orestes.       |
| June 1,—King John.       | *Dec. 3,—Brutus.        |

## 1819.

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|-----------------------|-------------------------|
| *Feb. 15,—Eugene.—    | *May 13,—Omreah.—       |
| [“ Switzerland.”]     | [“ Carib Chief.”]       |
| Mar. 9,—Hotspur.      | May 31,—Rolla, and Dig- |
| *Mar. 13,—Malvesi.—   | gory.                   |
| [“ Dwarf of Naples.”] |                         |

## 1820.

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|------------------------|---------------------------|
| Jan. 25,—Coriolanus.   | *April 29,—Virginus.      |
| *Mar. 2,—Isaac.—[“ He- | June 12,—Jaffier, and Ad- |
| brew.”]                | mirable Chrichton.        |
| April 24,—King Lear.   |                           |

## ON AUTHORS' BENEFITS.

BY EDMUND MALONE, ESQ.

It is uncertain at what time the usage of giving authors a benefit on the *third* day of the exhibition of their piece, commenced. Mr. Oldys in one of his manuscripts, inti-

\* Of those characters marked with (\*) Mr. Kean was the original representative.



mates that dramatic poets had anciently their benefit on the first day that a new play was represented; a regulation which would have been very favourable to some of the ephemeral productions of modern times. I have found no authority which proves this to have been the case in the time of SHAKESPEARE; but at the beginning of last century, it appears to have been customary in Lent for the *players* of the theatre in Drury Lane to divide the profits of the first representation of a new play among themselves. (1)

From D'Avenant, indeed, we learn, that in the latter part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the poet had his benefit on the *second* day. (2) As it was a general practice in the time of SHAKESPEARE, to sell the copy of the play to the Theatre, I imagine, in such cases, an author derived no other advantage from his piece, than what arose from the sale of it. Sometimes, however, he found it more beneficial to retain the copy-right in his own hands; and when he did so, I suppose he had a benefit. It is certain that the giving authors the profits of the third exhibition of their play, which seems the usual mode during a great part of the last century, was an established custom in the year 1712; for Decker, in the prologue to one of his comedies, printed in that year, speaks of the poets' *third* day. (3)

The unfortunate Otway had no more than one benefit

(1) Gildon's *Comparison between the Stages*. 1702. p. 9.

(2) See "*The Playhouse to be Let*;"—

"*Players*. There is an old tradition,  
That in the times of mighty *Tamberlane*,  
Of conjuring *Faustus* and the *Beauchamps bold*,  
Your poets used to have the SECOND day;  
This shall be ours, sir—to-morrow yours.

*Poet*. I'll take my venture; 'tis agreed."

(3) "It is not praise is sought for now, but pence,  
Though dropp'd from greasy apron'd audience.  
Clapp'd may he be with thunder, that plucks bays,  
With such foul hands, and with squint eyes doth gaze

on the production of a new play; and this too, it seems, he was sometimes forced to mortgage, before the piece was acted. (4) Southerne was the first dramatic writer who obtained the emoluments arising from *two* representations; (5) and to Farquhar, in the year 1700, the bene-

- (4) "But which amongst you is there to be found,  
Will take his *third days pawn* for fifty pound."

Epilogue to "*Caius Marcius*," 1680.

- (5) "I must make my boast, though with the most acknowledging respect, of the favours of the fair sex—in so visibly promoting my interest on those days chiefly (the *third* and *sixth*) when I had the tenderest relation to the welfare of my play."—Southerne's dedication to "*Sir Anthony Love*," a Comedy, 1691.

Hence Pope:

- "May Tom, whom heaven sent down to raise  
The price of prologues and the price of plays," &c.

It should seem, however, to have been some time before this custom was uniformly established; for the author of "*The Treacherous Brothers*," acted in 1696, had only one benefit.

- "See't but three days, and fill the house, the *last*,  
He shall not trouble you again in haste."—Epilogue.

On Pallas' shield, not caring, so he gains  
A cramm'd *third day*, what filth drops from his brains!"  
Prologue to "*If this be not a good Play, the Devil's in't*," 1612.

Yet the following passages intimate, that the poet, at a subsequent period, had some interest in the *second day's* exhibition.

"Whether their sold scenes be disliked or hit,  
Are cares for them who eat by the stage and wit;  
He's one whose unbought muse did ever fear  
An empty *second day*, or a thin share."

Prologue to "*The City Match*," a Comedy by J. Mayne, acted at Blackfriars, 1639.

fit of a *third* was granted (1) but this appears to have been a particular favour to that gentleman; for, for several years afterwards, dramatic poets had only the benefit of the *third* and *sixth* performance.

The profit of *three* representations did not become the established right of authors till after the year 1720.

To the honour of Mr. Addison, it should be remembered, that he first discontinued the ancient, but humiliating practice, of distributing tickets, and soliciting company to attend at the theatre on the poet's nights. (2)

## MUSIC.

MR. EDITOR,

There appears to me, to be something so absurd, in a practice which I have often witnessed in English Theatres;

(1) On the representation of "*The Constant Couple*," which was performed fifty-three times in the year 1700, Farquhar, on account of the extraordinary success of that play, is said, by one of his biographers, to have been allowed by the managers the profits of *four* representations.

(2) Southerne by this practice, is said to have gained £700 by one play.

So, in the prologue to "*The Sophy*," by Sir John Denham, at Blackfriars, in 1642.

" ——— Gentlemen, if you dislike the play,  
Pray make no words on't till the *second* day  
Or *third* be pass'd; for we would have you know it,  
The loss will fall on us, not on the poet,  
For he writes not for money——"

In *other* cases, then, it may be presumed, the loss, either of the *second* or *third* day, *did* affect the author.

Since the above was written, I have learned from Sir Henry Herbert's Office Book, that between the year 1625 and 1641, benefits were on the *second* day of representation.

that I am surprised the extent to which the evil has been carried has not produced its reformation. How is it? Must we not attribute it to *false taste*, that an English audience, always testify their approbation of an excellent piece of *music*, and their applause of a superior performer by making a most unharmonious noise with their sticks and legs against the floor, and by clapping their hands together? Indeed their anxiety to make this obstreperous clatter is so great, that it often commences whilst the delightful strains are still "*vibrating on our ears.*"

—"Like the sweet south,  
Stealing and giving odour."

And in proportion to the excellence of the composition, and the execution, this discordant tumult, is increased and continued.

I am informed that, amongst *Englishmen*, this mode of expressing pleasure pleads, in its behalf, great antiquity, but upon sober reflection, is it not a "*custom*" which would be

"More honoured in the *breach* than the *observance.*"

I am, sir, yours, &c.

A FOREIGNER, but lover of the *English Drama.*

## DRAMATIC FRAGMENTA.

"Some trifles I have here preserved,  
Innocent toys; things of no dignity."

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

### I.—EASTWARD HO!

THIS Play, written jointly by Jonson, Chapman, and Marston (in the reign of James), containing some cutting sarcasms on the Scots, was the cause of the imprisonment of all three, and it was reported they were to be pillored, and deprived of their ears and noses. The throne was supplicated in their behalf, and after strong intercession,

they were liberated, when Jonson gave a feast in celebration thereof, in the midst of which his aged mother drank to him, and produced a paper of potent poison, which, she declared; if the sentence had been passed, she would have infused in her son *Ben's* drink; and added, more like a *Roman* matron, than an *English* old woman, that she designed to have drank of it first!

## 2 —MRS. CIBBER.

THAT excellent companion the late Earl *Bathurst* is said to have frequently related the following anecdote.

When the celebrated actress, Mrs. Cibber was in Dublin, she sung in Handel's oratorio of the *Messiah*; a certain bishop who happened to be present, was so struck with the extreme sensibility of her manner, that he could not help ejaculating, loud enough to be heard by those around him; "*Woman! thy sins be forgiven thee!*"

## 3.—PRICE OF PLAYS.

FROM an old account book of BERNARD LINTOTT, the bookseller, the following information respecting the prices usually paid for the copyrights of plays is gleaned. Tragedies were then the fashionable dramas, and obtained the best prices. Dr. YOUNG received for his *Busiris* £84; SMITH, for his *Phædra* and *Hyppolytus*, £50; ROWE, for his *Jane Shore*, £50. 15s. and for *Lady Jane Grey*, £75. 5s. and CIBBER, for his *Nonjuror* obtained £105.

## 4.—MRS. FOOTE.

THIS lady was kept so much in the back-ground, by the gay, licentious, eccentric life of her husband, that little is known of her history; except that she was the very reverse of him. Mildness and forbearance seemed to be the leading features of her character; and these qualities could serve as no lasting checks upon a man of his temper. Implicated, however, as she was, in the fate of her husband, she furnishes the following anecdotes.

Dr. Nash, of Worcester, being in town one spring, not long after Foote's marriage, intended to pay his old fellow-collegian a visit, but was much surprised at hearing that he was in the Fleet-prison. Thither he hastened directly; and found him in a dirty two-pair-of-stairs back room, with furniture every way suitable to such an apartment. The Doctor, shocked at this circumstance, began to console with him, when Foote cut him short by turning the whole into raillery. "Why is not this better," said he, "than the gout, the fever, the small-pox, and

"The thousand various ills  
That flesh is heir to."

This is a mere temporary confinement; without pain, and not very uncongenial (let me tell you) to this sharp biting weather; whereas the above disorders would not only give pain and confinement for a time, but perhaps ultimately prevent a man from ever going into the world again."

Laughing on in this manner, the Doctor perceived something stir behind him in the bed; upon which he got up, and said he would call another time. "No, no," said the other, "sit down, 'tis nothing but *my Foote*." "Your foot!" said the Doctor; "well; I want no apologies, I shall call another time." "I tell you again," said the other, "'tis nothing but *my Foote*; and to convince you of its being no more, it shall speak to you directly." Upon this his poor wife put her head from under the bed-clothes; and, with much confusion and embarrassment made many apologies for her distressed situation.

#### 5.—CHURCHYARDS.

FORMERLY few persons chose to be buried on the north side of a church. The original reason was this;—In the times when the Roman Catholic religion prevailed, it was customary, on seeing the tombstone or grave of a friend or acquaintance, to put up a prayer for their soul, which was held to be very efficacious. As the common entrances into most churches was either at the west end, or on the south side of the church, persons buried on the north side escaped the notice of their friends, and thereby lost the be-

neft of their prayers. This becoming a kind of refuse spot, only very poor, or persons guilty of some offence, were buried there. Persons who, actuated by lunacy, had destroyed themselves, were buried on this side, and sometimes out of the east and west directions of the other graves.

This is said to be alluded to in *Hamlet*, where the Second Clown bids the Grave-digger make *Ophelia's* grave straight. The same was observed with respect to persons who were executed.

#### HAMLET.—ACT V.—SCENE I.

*Enter Two Grave-diggers.*

First Grave-digger. *Is she to be buried in Christian burial when she wilfully seeks her own salvation?*

Second Grave-digger. *I tell thee she is; therefore make her grave straight: the crowner hath sat upon her, and finds it Christian burial.*

#### 6.—THE STAGE.

THE fanaticism of the Methodists is deplorable. The best things may be perverted; it is so when religion is exchanged for enthusiasm. I own, I always think that every enthusiast is a *fool* or a *rogue*, I could wish them to choose the rank and file they please to march in, but in *one* of these they must be placed. These wise men of the present day, class plays with all the vile abominations of the Romans, where men were slaughtered by men or wild beasts. The stage ever partakes of the degree of refinement of a country. In Charles II.'s licentious days, it often recommended sin instead of virtue. It does not now. The wisest and the best have written for the stage; what they have given cannot be sinful to act; nor can the actors be wicked for playing such characters. There is *vice* every where—there is *virtue* every where. The inducements to profligacy may be greater in some situations than in others. They who escape contamination, have double merit. Persons in every profession have, in point of abilities and accomplishments, the three degrees. Those of either sex, who greatly excel on the stage, are sometimes peculiarly

well-informed, and their society highly and justly prized, if this moral character is well supported; and in every other line of life, however elevated, if this latter is deficient, contempt will attach, whatever *real* robes adorn the person.

Lambeth,  
May 11, 1821.

GLANVILLE.

[To be Resumed.]

## THEATRICAL MISERIES.

*Original and Selected.*

BY SIMON SENSITIVE, JUN.

MR. DRAMA,

I AM one of those, who, shutting their eyes and ears to what are *miscalld* the *comforts and enjoyments of life*, are doomed to exist only upon its delightful *miserics*. Ejaculations! interjections! and aspirations! are the food by which my vitality is supported. When at Westminster school, my favourite book was Ovid's "*Tristibus*," and the "*Anatomic of Melancholie*." I was always called by my class-fellows, *Don Dismallo*; and whenever I was out in my repetition, I supplied the deficiency with the following line:—

"O miserere mei mesiri, miserere meorum."

Where I picked it up, I know not, but the burthen of it was *miser*y, and it came as pat to me as "the cloud cap towers" to honest Sylvester Daggerwood, of Dunstable memory. The *horrors and sorrows, moans and groans* of a sonnet to a tear, gave me a turn for poetry, and I have written no less than six *Odes to grief*; five *Monodies*; and twice the nubmer of *Elegies*. A *funeral* is my delight, a *church-yard* my solitary retreat, a *fire* my grand holiday, and at an *execution*, as Lady Townly says, "I expire!" In my cabinet of curiosities, I have preserved in a phial, one of the *tears* shed by Charles Fox in the House of Commons, on his separation with Burke; and a *congealed sigh*,



which my dear friend Munchausen Curiosus, brought with him when he returned from the late expedition to the North Pole. I now very seldom visit the theatre, as all my old favourites have left the stage—for I used to doat to distraction on the quivering *ah's* and protracted *oh's* of the Kembles—they were performers after my own heart. I have lived weeks upon Mrs. Siddons's *shriek* in *Isabella*, and John Kemble's "*O!*" in *Cardinal Wolsey*; "*O!!! Cromwell,*" was a treat to me beyond expression. The last time I saw him he was at least *three minutes and a half* before he came to the end of the *fluctuation*, and I would not part with a *second* of the time for the wealth of the Indies. What an effect would he have produced with Thomson's line.

Oh! Sophonisba! oh Sophonisba! oh! h! h! h! &c.

With proper management he might have made it last *half an hour*. But these delicious times are past, and my imagination having been deprived of its proper food, I intend—

"To soothe the gloomy temper of my soul,"

by picking from my portfolio a few *Theatrical miseries and distresses*, (the perusal of which, in the dearth of more *solid misery*, is some slight *consolation to me*;) and giving them to you for monthly insertion, in your forthcoming *Dramatic Miscellany*; and I shall feel great *pleasure*, (for the first time in my life,) should they suggest any more *uncomfortable recollections*, to your readers.

May 10, 1821.

I am Your's, &c.

SIMON SENSITIVE, JUN.

### MISERY I.

COMING to London, from a great distance, for the sole purpose of gratifying your loyal curiosity (once before you die,) with a sight of his Most Gracious Majesty or some other of the Royal Family at the play; then on entering the house, finding that the place kept for you is directly over their heads; so that when you have painfully stretched yourself farther and farther over the front of the box till you are in danger of getting a fuller view of him (or them) *from the pit*, you at length succeed in catching the tip of a

princess's feather, or, if you are still more fortunate, of a royal nose!

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### MISERY II.

A VERY thin house at Drury Lane.

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### MISERY III.

GOING to the theatre on a very crowded night, waiting an hour in the pit passage half jammed to death, receiving a dreadful kick in the ankle; in making a desperate effort to stoop down to rub it, finding your hand in the coat pocket of the man who stands opposite to you, and gradually withdrawing it with indescribable horror, so as just to escape being taken up for a pickpocket.

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### MISERY IV.

PAYING at the theatre in a hurry, and being obliged to change a bad shilling.

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### MISERY V.

GOING to the theatre to see some distinguished play and performer, having places kept: owing to some of the party not being ready in time, entering your box just as the first act is over, and observing the last bustle of a number of persons who have just descended into your front seats, and are all smirking and smiling to think themselves "so very fortunate."

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### MISERY VI.

SHIRKING a pleasant party to get early to Drury-Lane Theatre to see the new comedy of a popular writer, and when the curtain draws up, learning from your next neighbour, that on account of the indisposition of a principal performer, the managers have been under the necessity of substituting the "*Bold Stroke for a Wife*," or, "*She Stoops to Conquer*." N.B. No money to be returned.

[To be Resumed.]

## THE EMOLUMENTS OF ACTORS IN THE TIME OF SHAKSPEARE.

It is not easy to ascertain what were the emoluments of a successful actor in the time of SHAKSPEARE. They had not then annual benefits as at present. (1) The clear emoluments of the theatre, after deducting the nightly expenses for lights, men occasionally hired for the evening, &c. which in SHAKSPEARE's house was but 45s. were divided into shares, of which part belonged to the proprietors, who were called housekeepers, and the remainder was divided among the actors, according to their rank and merit. We suspect that the whole clear receipt was divided into forty shares, of which, perhaps the housekeepers or proprietors had fifteen, the actors twenty-two, and three were devoted to the purchase of new plays, dresses, &c. From Ben Jonson's "*Poetaster*," it should seem that one of the per-

(1) Cibber says in his *Apology*, p. 96 : " Mrs. Barry was the first person whose merit was distinguished by the indulgence of having an annual benefit play, which was granted to her alone, if I mistake not, first, in King James's time ; and which became not common to others, till the division of this company, after the death of King William's Queen Mary."

But in this, as in many other facts, he is inaccurate ; for it appears from an agreement entered into by Dr. D'Avenant, Charles Hart, Thomas Betterton, and others, dated Oct. 14, 1681, that the actors had *then* benefits. By this agreement, five shillings a piece, were to be paid to Hart and Kynaston the players, " for every day there shall be any tragedies, or comedies, or other representations, acted at the Duke's theatre in Salisbury Court, or wherever the company shall act, during the respective lives of the said Charles Hart and Edward Kynaston, *excepting the days the young men or young women, play for their own profit only.*"

GELDON's *Life of Betterton*, p. 8.

formers had seven shares and a half ; (2) but of what integral sum is not mentioned. The person alluded to, (if any person was alluded to, which is not certain,) must, we think, have been a proprietor, as well as a principal actor. Our poet, in his *Hamlet*, speaks of a *whole share*, as no contemptible emolument ; and from the same play we learn that some of the performers had only half a share. Others probably had still less.

It appears from a deed executed by Thomas Killigrew and others, that in the year 1666, the whole profits arising from acting plays, masques, &c. at the King's Theatre, was divided into *twelve shares and three quarters*, of which Mr. Killigrew, the manager had two shares and three quarters ; and if we may trust to another statement, each share produced, at the lowest calculation about £250 per annum *net* ; and the total clear profits consequently were about £3187 10s.

These shares were then distributed among the proprietors of the theatre, who at that time were not actors, the performers and the dramatic poets, who were retained in the service of the theatre, and received a part of the annual produce as compensation for the pieces which they produced. (3)

In a paper delivered by Sir Henry Herbert to Lord Clarendon and the Lord Chamberlain, July 11, 1662, he states the emolument which Mr. Thomas Killigrew then derived

(2) "*Tucca*. Fare thee well, my honest penny-biter: commend me to *seven shares and a half*, and remember tomorrow—if you lack a *service*, you shall play in my name, rascals ; (alluding to the custom of actors calling themselves the *servants* of certain noblemen,) but you shall buy your own cloth, and I'll have *two shares* for my countenance."

*Poetaster*, 1602.

(3) We find that Gildon in his *Laws of Poetry* (8vo. 1721) observes that "after the restoration, when the two houses struggled for the favour of the Town, the taking poets were secured to either house by a sort of retaining fee, which seldom or never amounted to more than forty shillings per week, nor was that of any long continuance."

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(from his two shares and three quarters,) at £19 6s. per week; according to which statement each share in the King's company produced but £210 10s. a year. In Sir W. D' Avenant's company, from the time their new theatre was opened in Portugal Row, near Lincoln's Inn Fields, (April 1662,) the total receipt, (after deducting the nightly charges of "men, hirelings, and other customary expenses,") was divided into fifteen shares, of which it was agreed by articles previously entered into, that ten should belong to D' Avenant; viz. "two towards the house-rent, building, scaffolding, and making of frames for scenes; one for a provision of habits, properties, &c. for a supplement of the said theatre; and seven to maintain all the women that are to perform or represent women's parts in tragedies, comedies, &c. and in consideration of erecting and establishing his actors to be a company, and his pains and expenses for that purpose for many years." The other five shares were divided in various proportions among the rest of the troop.

In the paper above referred to it is stated by Sir Henry Herbert, that D' Avenant, "drew from these ten shares £200 a week:" and if that statement was correct each share in his play-house then produced annually £600, supposing the acting season to have then lasted for thirty weeks.

Such were the emoluments of the theatre soon after the restoration, which we have stated here from authentic documents, because they may assist us in our conjectures concerning the profits derived from stage exhibitions at a more remote and darker period.

[To be concluded in No. II.]

## OTWAY'S "ORPHAN."

The plot of this celebrated tragedy, though generally supposed to be invented by the author, is taken from a fact related in a very scarce pamphlet (of which, I believe, only two copies are now to be found) entitled "*English Adventures*," published in 1667. The following are the principal particulars.

The father of Charles Brandon, afterwards Duke of Suffolk, retired, on the death of his lady, to the borders of Hampshire. His family consisted of two sons, and a young lady, the daughter of a friend lately deceased, whom he adopted as his own child. This lady, being singularly beautiful, as well as amiable in her manners, attracted the affection of both the brothers. The elder, however, was the favorite, and he privately married her; which the younger not knowing, and overhearing an appointment of the lovers to meet the next night in her bed chamber, he contrived to get his brother otherwise employed, and made the signal of admission himself (thinking it was a mere intrigue). Unfortunately, he succeeded.

On a discovery, the lady lost her reason, and soon after died. The two brothers fought and the elder fell. The father broke his heart in a few months afterwards. The younger brother, Charles Brandon, the unintentional author of all this misery, quitted England in despair, with a fixed determination of never returning. Being abroad for several years, his nearest relations supposed him dead, and began to take the necessary steps of obtaining his estates, when, roused by this intelligence, he returned privately to England, and for a time took obscure lodgings in the vicinity of his family mansion.

While he was in this retreat, the young king (Hen. VIII), who had just buried his father, was one day hunting on the borders of Hampshire, when he heard the cries of a female in distress in an adjoining wood. His gallantry immediately summoned him to the place, though he then happened to be detached from all his courtiers; when he saw two ruffians attempting to violate the honour of a young lady. The king instantly drew on them; a scuffle ensued, which roused the *reverie* of Charles Brandon, who was taking his morning walk in an adjoining thicket: he immediately ranged himself on the side of the king, whom he then did not know; and by his dexterity soon disarmed one of the ruffians, while the other fled.

The king charmed with this act of gallantry so congenial to his own mind, inquired the name and family of the stranger; and not only repossessed him of his patrimonial estates, but took him under his immediate protection.

It was this same Charles Brandon who afterwards privately married Henry's sister Margaret, Queen-dowager of France; which marriage the king not only forgave, but created him Duke of Suffolk, and continued his favour towards him to the last hour of the Duke's life. He died before Henry; and the latter showed in his attachment to this nobleman, that notwithstanding his fits, he was capable of a cordial and steady friendship. He was sitting in council when the news of Suffolk's death reached him; and he publickly took that occasion, both to express his own sorrow, and to celebrate the merits of the deceased. He declared that during the whole course of their acquaintance his brother-in-law had not made a single attempt to injure an adversary, and had never whispered a word to the disadvantage of any one; "and are there *any of you*, my Lords, who can say as much?" when the King subjoined this word (says the historian) he looked round in all their faces, and saw that confusion which the consciousness of secret guilt naturally threw upon them.

OTWAY took his plot from the *fact* related in this pamphlet; but to avoid perhaps interfering in a circumstance which might affect many noble families at that time living, he laid the scene of his tragedy in Bohemia.

There is a large painting of the above incident now at Woburn, the seat of his grace the Duke of Bedford, and the old Duchess-dowager, in shewing this picture a few years before her death to a nobleman, related all the particulars of the story.

The character of ANTONIO in the above play (an old debauched senator, raving about *plots* and political intrigues) is supposed to have been intended for that celebrated character *Anthony* the first Earl of Shaftesbury.

Lambeth, May 11, 1821.

GLANVILLE.

## FOR THE DRAMATIC POCKET MAGAZINE

## SHAKSPERIANA.

## No. I.

*Being a Collection of Anecdotes, and Fragments—relating to Shakespeare—with critiques, and observations on his Dramatic powers and compositions, original and select.*

By G. CREED.

“ ————The mighty majesty of SHAKSPEARE rose  
There sprung the glowing thought, the powerful mind,  
Which charmed, instructed, and amazed mankind;  
O'er the dark world burst forth a radiant light,  
A Comet streaming thro' the depth of night  
Gave to a race unknown, a matchless name,  
And made his country glorious in his fame !”

## I.—SHAKSPEARE'S SCIENCE.

There can be no doubt that SHAKSPEARE had a considerable portion of scientific knowledge. Pope says, that “ *Whatever object of nature, or branch of SCIENCE, he either speaks of, or describes, it is always with competent, if not extensive knowledge.*” And Theobald, “ *With regard to his thinking it is certain, that he had a general knowledge of ALL THE SCIENCES;*” and did they, who are engaged in scientific pursuits, and who love and admire the writings of the “ *immortal bard,*” examine with accuracy those passages in which allusions are made to subjects, that have particularly engaged their attention, many beauties would be elicited, which have escaped the notice of the most erudite commentators, whose erudition is for the most part wasted in quarrelling with each other, or in *seeking the footsteps of the poet in beaten ways, which happily he never trod.*

CASSIUS's account of the sickness of *Cæsar*, is a remarkable instance of minute accuracy.

“ He had a fever when he was in Spain,  
And when the fit was on him, I did mark



How he did *shake* ; 'tis true, this God did shake :  
 His coward *lips* did from their colour *fly* ;  
 And that same *eye*, whose bend doth awe the world,  
 Did lose his *lustre* : I did hear him *groan* ;  
 Ay, and that *tongue* of his, that bade the Romans  
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,  
 Alas ! it cried, *give me some drink*, Titinius."

An eminent physician and lecturer of the present day, refers his pupils to the above passage, as a perfect description of a *paroxysm of intermittent fever*.

## 2.

" By contagion or by complaisance to the taste of the times in which he lived, SHAKSPEARE falls sometimes into the fashionable mode of writing ; but this is only by fits, for many parts in all his plays are written with the most noble, elegant, and uncorrupted simplicity, such is his merit, that the more just and refined the taste of the nation has been, the more he has increased in his reputation. He was approved by his own age, admired by the next, and is almost adored by the present."

MRS. MONTAGUE.

## 3.—DEER-STEALING.

It is a common anecdote of SHAKSPEARE, that he was more than once engaged in deer-stealing from the Park of Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecot, near Stratford ; but the crime does not appear to have been thought so seriously of at that time, as it would be now, for though he was prosecuted, he was not punished, and when he afterwards lampooned the knight in a ballad, and was again prosecuted, he merely ran away to "*Shelter himself in London*."—The frequency of the practice, and the public encouragement it received, are proved by the following quotation and remark by an anonymous writer.

" I will insert a letter of Queen Elizabeth, written to him [Peregrine Bertie] with her own hand ; and, reader, deal in matters of this nature, as when venison is set before thee, eat the one, and read the other, never asking whence either came !" *Fuller's Worthies Linc.* p. 102. Deer-stealing was in great vogue in Dr. Fuller's time, and to that custom the Author alludes.

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## 4.—SHAKSPEARE AND BURBAGE.

Burbage was the original performer of Richard III. One evening when that play was to be acted, Shakspeare observed a young woman delivering a message to Burbage in so cautious a manner as excited his curiosity to listen to. It imported, that her master was gone out of town that morning, and her mistress would be glad of his company after the play, and to know what signal he would appoint for admittance; Burbage replied "Three taps at the door, and it is I, Richard the Third." She immediately withdrew, and Shakspeare followed till he observed her go into a house in the city; and enquiring in the neighbourhood, he was informed that a young lady lived there, the favorite of an old Merchant. Near the appointed time of meeting "*Wully*" thought proper to anticipate "*Dickon*" and was introduced by the concerted signal. The lady was very much surprised at Shakspeare's presuming to act Burbage's part; but as he (who had written *Romeo and Juliet*) we may be certain, did not want wit or eloquence to apologize for the intrusion, she was soon pacified, and they were mutually happy till Burbage came to the door, and repeated the same signal; but Shakspeare popping his head out of the window, bid him begone, for that "*WILLIAM the Conqueror* had reigned before *RICHARD the Third*."

## 5.—ASTRINGER.

In "*All's well that Ends well*", Act 5, Sc. 1. we have the following words:—

"Enter a gentle *Astringer*."

"A gentle *Astringer*," says Steevens, "is a gentleman falconer. I learn from Blount's *Ancient Tenures*, that a goshawk is in our records termed by several names—*Ostercum*, *Asturcum*, &c. and all" he continues "from the French *Austour*."

*Asturco* in *Petron. Arbit. Satyr.* page 318, is a little horse, poney, or palfrey. See *Pliny, Nat. Hist.* 8. 42. G. C.

## 6.—CALIBAN.

The Character of *Caliban* in "*the Tempest*," is most exquisitely drawn; for, though it be shocking to nature;

yet one conceives it possible such a monster of brutality may exist, considering his supposed descent.

*Caliban*, by metathesis, is *Canibal*. G. C.

## 7.

"Will not an intelligent spectator admire the prodigious structures of *Stonehenge*, because he does not know by what law of mechanics they were raised? Like them the works of SHAKSPEARE will remain for ever the greatest monuments of the amazing force of nature, which we ought to view as we do other prodigies, with an attention to, and an admiration of their stupendous parts and proud irregularity of greatness."

MRS. MONTAGUE.

## 8.—CARDINAL BEAUFORT (Hen. VI.)

"The admirable SHAKSPEARE has given us a strong image of the unsupported condition of a wicked person in his last moments, in the 2d part of K. Hen. VI. where Cardinal *Beaufort*, who had been concerned in the murder of the "good duke" *Humphrey*, is represented on his death bed. After some short confused speeches, which shew an imagination disturbed with guilt, just as he was expiring, King *Henry*, standing by him full of compassion, says,

'Lord Cardinal! if thou think'st on heavens bliss,

'Hold up thy hand—make signal of that hope!—

'He dies—and makes no sign!—'

The despair which is here shewn, without a word or action on the part of the dying person, is beyond what could be painted by the most forcible expressions whatever."

HUGHES.

## 9.

"*Fear* if once alarmed, has the same effect with *Hope* to magnify every circumstance that tends to conviction.

SHAKSPEARE, who shews more knowledge of human nature than any of our philosophers, hath in his *Cymbeline*, Act 2, Sce. 6. represented this bias of the mind, for he makes the person who alone was affected by the bad news yield to evidence that *did not* convince any of his companions."

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LORD KAIMS.

## 10.—RICHARD III.

In a Series of Years, Falsehood itself will acquire a degree of confidence, and even implicit faith and veneration ; till at length some more enlightened man, some celebrated chief in literary warfare,, approaches with an army of doubts and conjectures, and shakes to its very foundation the once formidable fortress of error.

In what odious colours, has SHAKSPERE made Richard III. describe himself in the first Scene of the first Act of the celebrated Tragedy of that name. In this description what a monster of blended deformity and villainy do we behold ! We see the deformity of person announcing the depravity of the soul !—But the Honourable Horace Walpole, in his ingenious Treatise entitled “ Historic Doubts,” has given a variety of reasons to support the opinion of Rapin, that Richard was neither hunch-backed nor deformed ; and that personal ugliness was imputed to him by the Historians of the time, with many crimes of which he was intirely innocent, merely to flatter his bitter enemies his two immediate successors Henry VII. and VIII.

G. C.

## 11.

SHAKSPEARE is, above all writers, (at least above all *modern* writers) the poet of nature ; the poet that holds up to his readers a faithful mirror of manners and of life. His characters are not modified by the customs of particular places, unpractised by the rest of the world ; by the peculiarities of studies, or professions, which can operate but upon small numbers ; or by the accidents of transient fashions or temporary opinions : they are the genuine progeny, of common humanity, such as the world will always supply, and observation will always find. His persons act and speak by the influence of those general passions and principles, by which all minds are agitated, and the whole system of life is continued in motion. In the writings of other poets a character is too often an individual ; in those of Shakspeare it is commonly a species.”

DR. JOHNSON.

## THE DRAMATIC SKETCHER.

No. I.

By J. W. DALBY.

JULIANA.

SCENE I.—*A Garden.—Juliana alone.*

*Juliana.* 'Tis late, and he arrives not ! It is past,  
 Long past the wonted hour, and I am here  
 Amid the loneliness and melancholy  
 A lonely and a melancholy thing ;  
 Aye, I am here a weak and fragil one  
 Trembling for what has long supported me  
 In arduous trials ; even now I am  
 Like to some edifice whose strong foundation  
 Is sinking fast from under it ; I feel  
 A cloud upon my heart, which no fair sun  
 May ever chase away ! . . . . . We were to meet  
 To take a long farewell. It cannot be  
 That he has cheated me of that dear grief—  
 It cannot be that he has fled from me  
 For ever !—aye—it may be so) and not  
 Taken and given—a fond parting kiss  
 Nor listened to a farewell blessing—God !  
 If it be so I am—

*Enter MARCO, (a rejected suitor of Juliana.)**Marco.* What you are ever—

Lovely and gentle—conquering and kind !  
 Madam I take your hand—'tis passive—so—  
 Mine is besmeared a little—but no matter—  
 'Tis blood you prized—it is the blood of him  
 You were but now lamenting.

*Juliana.* (*Terrified and greatly agitated*) Reckless villain !  
 I see—I see it all ! my faithful love,  
 My dear, dear Lord is murdered—and by thee !

(*She sinks insensible upon the earth. MARCO supports her to an adjoining alcove—on recovering she gazes wildly at him.*)

Art thou still here to bar me from yon heaven ?  
 Insatiate monster ! could not one suffice !  
 Might not one victim——

*Marco.* Madam, you judge too hastily—  
 I killed not Theodore. No—though your charms  
 Have power to tempt me to do much. Such crime  
 I would not heap upon my soul, though sure  
 To gain you as its guerdon,—nay, nay, hear !  
 My tale shall be a brief one—I have loved  
 You long—and love in hearts like *mine*  
 Is lava-like and boils eternally,  
 A deep, intense, and unextinguished flame !  
 I knew you were to meet poor Theodore  
 In this your favourite spot—and that I might  
 For once behold you, (for you have of late  
 Been much secluded.) I was hastening hither,  
 To watch you both unseen, unheard by you ;—  
 This was my object—in my way I met  
 And passed two wretches on whose lowering brows  
 I saw assassin marked. Scarce had I passed  
 The villains, when I started at a cry  
 Of agony, not cowardice. I turned  
 These men had fallen upon Theodore—  
 I flew to his assistance.

*Juliana.* Did you !—bless you !—  
 Oh, God Almighty bless you !—pray forgive,  
 The hasty fears of a perturbed heart.  
 I used expressions which I now call back,  
 And ask kind heaven's blessing on thy head :—  
 Where is he ?—where—where is my THEODORE ?

*Marco.* Thy joy is hasty as thy anger, Madam.  
 I bring no happy tidings—at least none  
 You will deem happy—though I flew in haste  
 To his assistance, 'ere I could arrive  
 The ruffians had o'ercome him—I—I—strove  
 To tear him from them—but (in a confounded tone and  
     *manner*) but they bore him bleeding  
 From the spot of blood !—whether in life or death  
 I know not. I would have followed them,  
 But that I came to soothe an angel here,  
 Whose anxious fears might else have injured her.

Not that I wished to be the messenger  
Of ill to one I love—but that I feared  
Less careful tongues might in a abrupter way,  
Have told the dreadful news. You faint, fair lady.

*Juliana.* No, I am well—quite, quite well, Marco, I—  
I feel your kindness. Now, my good friend, fly—  
Fly for the sake of justice—for my sake,  
Command the public aid—they'll freely grant it—  
I would be lonely for a little while—  
Fly Marco, fly!

*Marco.* Never! Lady, never!  
At least not till I hear from those sweet lips,  
That since no earthly obstacle exists  
Between me and my dreams of happiness,  
I may at length dare hope—*(Kneels down and takes the hand of Juliana.)*

*Juliana.* Marco, arise!  
Nor dare insult me with such words as these.  
If I may ever hear thee, 'tis not now,  
When I have ear and heart for only him,  
My dear, my murdered lord! O worthy Marco,  
If thou dost love me, and would'st have me give  
*One tender thought to thee, thou wilt begone!*  
If thou would'st have me hate thee, thou wilt stay.  
O! cruel! cold! and callous loiterer,  
Prating of love, while vengeance calls aloud  
Upon thee as a man, and upon me  
As one who loved him truly, tenderly.

*Marco.* Promise me lady—nay, then I will force  
A pledge from you, only a single kiss. *(Attempts to embrace Juliana.)*

*Juliana.* Oh Heaven! my first dark thoughts return. If thou—

*(Officers rush into the bower, headed by ALONZO, a friend of THEODORE.)*

*Alonzo.* There stands the villain! seize him officers!  
And drag him to the tribune. Nay, 'tis vain  
To wear that threatening look—your guilt is known.

*Marco.* Who dares to cast a stain upon my name?  
Let the bold slave appear, and I'll confront  
The caitiff with the look of innocence!

*Alonzo.* Vain is this vapouring, Marco—Officers,  
Secure your prisoner—to the tribune!—haste!

*Marco.* Tell me my stated crime, most kind Alonzo,  
And who it is that ventures to accuse me.

*Alonzo.* The crime alleged is an attempted murder—  
And your accuser is—Count THEODORE!

*Marco.* Great God! Does the Count then live!  
I mean—they said—this lady knows—I saw—  
Him carried bleeding from the spot—I sought  
To rescue him—but—

*Alonzo.* Bear Marco off, I say,  
This wild confusion but betrays his guilt.

*Marco.* Alonzo, thou shalt answer this as soon  
As my proved innocence shall set me free. (*Officers bear out*  
*MARCO.*)

*Alonzo.* How proud is villainy! how gay and bold  
While yet uncertain that its guilt is known!  
But when the final and o'erwhelming proof  
Falls like a thunderstroke upon its head,  
How mean, how weak, how crouching it becomes!  
And so 'ere long 'twill be with yonder wretch,  
Despite his scorn and threatening.

*Juliana.* I'm half maddened—but methought I heard  
The name of THEODORE!—you are his friend—  
Tell me—no, no—be mute—I will not hear it.

*Alonzo.* Tho' suffering much, your THEODORE still lives  
And longs to see you.

*Juliana.* Heaven be praised!  
And I will see him! lead me good ALONZO  
To my dear suffering love!

*Alonzo.* 'Tis not far, madam;  
In a few minutes we shall reach the house  
To which he was conveyed, by those whose rescue  
Saved him from the assassins grasp.

*Juliana.* O! let us be gone! [*Exit, ALONZO and JULIANA.*]

## SCENE II.

*An Apartment, in which THEODORE is discovered lying on a  
couch—Juliana embracing him.*

*Theodore.* And thus it was—this MARCO thought me dead,  
(Indeed he did his best to beat out life!)



And bade his tools convey me to a place  
Remote and secret, which he named, but I  
Have quite forgotten it;—in their way thither  
Some serfs of my kind friend Alonzo saw them—  
Suspected their dread errand—told their thoughts—  
And after a sharp conflict, rescued me.

*Juliana.* The hand of heaven was there! You are weak,  
dearest,

Or I would tell how the accursed Marco  
Talked of thy fancied death, and strove to build  
Upon it, (horrible hope!) that I would be  
His bride—*his* bride! a reeking murderer  
Fresh from the dreadful deed! O God! O God!  
My soul revolts at the appalling thought!

*Theodore.* Think not of this my love, nor talk of it,  
It hurts yourself, and discomposes me;  
I feel enough of painful irritation  
From these yet unclosed wounds;—but trust me love,  
I mean not to reproach; O could I tell  
How tenderly and how intensely this  
Fond heart adores and worships thee alone,  
Thou would'st not look as if these words of mine  
Were meant as a reproach.

*Juliana.* O, no, no, no!

I could not—would not make thy sufferings  
More than they are! Would I could bear them all!

*Enter ALONZO.*

*Alonzo.* MARCO has been condemned—the proofs are  
clear—

He dies to morrow!

*Juliana.* May God pardon him!

May 7th, 1821.

J. W. DALBY.

## THEATRICAL INQUISITION.

“ A well governed stage is an ornament to society, an encouragement to wit and learning, and a school of virtue, modesty, and good manners.” LORD CHESTERFIELD.

### THE KING'S THEATRE.

“ Music the fiercest grief can charm,  
And fate's severest rage disarm ;  
Music can soften pain to ease,  
And make despair and madness cease.”

THIS splendid concern since it came into the hands of its present proprietor Mr. EBER, has been conducted in all its departments with such spirit and elegance, that as a place of fashionable resort it has never been equalled since its foundation. The house is filled every evening of performance with all the rank and beauty of the kingdom—and the frequent visits of royalty have not a little contributed to this pleasing result; these visits give such a stimulus to exertion that we sincerely trust our theatres will be often honoured by their repetition. The following is a journal of the performances for the last month :

April 24,—*Il Tancredi* ; a Divertisement—*La Paysanne Supposee*.

April 28,—*Ibid.*

May 1,—*La Clemenza Di Tito* ; a Divertisement—*Ænone et Paris*.

The revival of this opera was a great gratification to the musical public, and we hail it as a promise of that frequent recurrence to the best works, to the revival of which the theatre has of late shewn so liberal a tendency. It would be a vain task for us to descant upon the excellencies of MOZART, but there is no music that exercises such absolute sway over the feelings and opinions of its hearers as this

composers.—The Opera introduced a lady to the public named Madame ALBERT, in the part of *Vitellia*, she displayed great taste for embellishment, and a consummate knowledge of the scale with all its inversions.—And was loudly *encored* in most of her songs, but particularly with Madame CAMPORESE in the duet "*Deh Perdoni*," which was never sung better. The house overflowed with fashionables, and the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester were present.

May 4,—*Il Clemenza di Tito*—Nina.—[1st time, for the benefit of Mademoiselle Noblet.]

May 5,—*La Gazza Ladra*—Nina.

"*Nina, ou la Folle par Amour*," is an importation from the Royal Academy of music at Paris, where it has attained the highest celebrity. The story is simple.—

Nina, the daughter of a French nobleman is promised in marriage to a young officer, a subaltern in rank, but a claim for her hand for the son of a General, gives rise to a parents command to break her first vows and accept the wealthy lover. A challenge between the rivals ensues, and the son of the General is wounded. Her favoured lover is dismissed by her father, and in despair throws himself into the sea, and all tidings of him are lost. The shock is too severe for the reason of *Nina*, she sinks under it—all efforts to restore her are unavailing, when her lover is unexpectedly restored to her, and at the sight of him she recovers.

A very excellent ballet has been constructed from these materials, and it was admirably acted. Mademoiselle NOBLET, as *Nina*, and Monsieur ALBERT as her lover, exhibited the art in its highest perfection. The piece was highly applauded.

May 7,—*La Gazza Ladra*; (or the Maid and Magpie).—*The Midnight Hour*—*La Paysanne Supposée*.—[Benefit of Mr. Kelly—Playhouse prices.]

May 8,—*La Clemenza di Tito*—Nina.

— 9,—*Ibid*, *Ibid*.

— 15,—*Ibid*,—*La Paysanne Supposée*.

HIS MAJESTY honoured the theatre with his presence this evening. The house was crowded to excess.

May 19,—*Il Turco in Italia*;—[1st time.]—*La Paysanne Supposée*.

The plot of this piece is brief but interesting, and the incidents are ingeniously disposed. It would take up too much of our circumscribed room to select the chief passages—enough to say that each successive scene was received with increasing admiration, and that four *Scenas* of no inconsiderable length were loudly *encored*. The scenery and decorations were most magnificent. The view of Naples, first by day-light, and afterwards by moon-light, is among the finest instances of the art. Such a disposition of parts, full of bold separations, all perfectly mingled in soft and finished perspective, one may behold in the choice landscapes of the sixteenth century. The mole—advanced to the utmost projection of the rocky ridge with the lighthouse above it—the forts just within this boundary—the steep acclivities on which are seen the tents of the gypsy crew—and the deep cerulean tone taken from the moonlight by the sky and waters, gave the whole scene the most profound and tranquil effect imaginable. A short sketch of the plot will not be unacceptable.

*Selim*, a Turkish Prince—[DE VILLE.]—lands at Naples to explore Italy. He meets with *Zaida*—[Miss MORI.]—to whom he had betrothed himself while she was his slave, wandering with a gang of gipsies. His passion revives—but he is a little swerved from his intentions by the coquetries of *Donna Fiorilla*—[Signora DE BEGNI.]—whose capricious follies give very reasonable grounds of distrust in her spouse *Don Geronio*—[Signor DE BEGNI.]—She is brought to penitence at last by a threat of divorce. In consequence *Selim* resolves to embark for home, and practise constancy in regard to *Zaida*.

PLACCI, as *Prosdócimo*, a poet in search of materials for an Opera, gave a very pleasant picture of a character full of mischief and licentiousness—Miss MORI sustained the romance of her part in a very creditable manner—indeed the whole exerted themselves with the happiest effect, and the Opera went off with the greatest *eclat*.

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## DRURY LANE THEATRE.

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“ ——— The spot, where GARRICK rais'd his name,  
 In mingling radiance with his SHAKSPEARE's fame,  
 Where SIDDONS, tragedy's unrivall'd queen,  
 As nature vivid dignified the scene,  
 Where SHERIDAN our boast, who all admit  
 A second Congreve in the realms of wit,  
 Enriched these realms with humour that shall live  
 And polished mirth to latest ages give——  
 Still shall this spot to memory be dear  
 And rising genius find protection here !”

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April 23.—Jane SHORE—Giovanni in London.

The “ Management” of this Theatre presented their Holiday Visitors with the above entertainments—and by so doing, departed from the line of conduct usually adopted—that of producing “ something new” on Easter Monday. The Tragedy was performed in a manner that reflects considerable credit on those who were engaged in the representation. Mr. WALLACK having upon former occasions sustained the character of *Gloster*, in the more fiery delineation of Shakspeare, was of course fully competent to the sketch which Rowe has given of the same tyrant in this play. Mr. COOPER displayed much force in the short part of *Hastings*, his last interview with *Alicia* was particularly solemn and affecting. Mrs. WEST, as *Shore*, exhibited with great fidelity to nature, the unavailing repentance and submissive sufferings of the fallen Mistress of *Edward*, and Mrs. GLOVER, as *Alicia*, met deserved applause for the excellency with which she personated a character neither tender nor natural in itself. An apology was made for Madame VESTRIS in the afterpiece, and Miss CUBITT, who appeared as her substitute, was well received ; she has repeated the part several times since.

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24.—Mother and Son, [1st Time.]—The Devil to Pay.—  
 Giovanni in London.

A new Melo-Drame (3 Acts,) from the pen of Mr. Mon-

crieff, was this evening produced for the first time. It is founded on a very trivial incident, and is not rendered very interesting by the way in which it is managed. The plot arises chiefly out of the anxiety of a Mother to discover her son who had been taken from her for the purpose of being substituted for the deceased heir to a title and estate. She finds him eventually on the point of marriage with a rich heiress; they recognize each other, and the marriage is for the present postponed, but with a fair prospect of taking place in a short time. The scantiness of the materials is the greatest defect of this Drama. The dialogue is marked with the characteristic sprightliness and humour of its author's other productions. Mr. COOPER gave the part of *Evelyn* (the Son) with his usual correctness—and Mrs. EGERTON was passable in that of *Mrs. Orwin*, (the Mother.) Mr. KNIGHT, as a warm-hearted country lad, and Mr. HARLEY, as a busy bustling waggish waiter, need no eulogium. The piece was not very successful. The musical entertainment of the "*Devil to pay*" followed, in which that unrivalled actress Miss KELLY was the *Nell*, and was well supported by that distinguished favourite, MUNDEN, who possesses all the power and rich drollery of his best days.

25th—Marino Faliero, Doge of Venice, [1st Time].—  
Of Age To-morrow.

" ——— There is this business more than nature  
Was ever conduct of; some Oracle  
Must rectify our knowledge."—SHAKSPEARE.

Contrary to the wish of either the noble Author or the publisher, (Mr. Murray,) this Tragedy was produced for stage representation, and it may be said, completely failed. At an early hour in the evening, hand-bills were plentifully strewn throughout the Theatre, of which the following is a copy:—

"The public are respectfully informed that the representation of Lord Byron's Tragedy this evening, takes place in defiance of the injunction of the Lord Chancellor, which was not applied for until the remonstrance of the publisher, at the earnest desire of the noble author had

failed in protecting the Drama from its intrusion on the stage, for which it was never intended."

We cannot with our confined space, enter into the merits or demerits of a case now left for decision in a court of Law, but we trust that the manager and publisher will be able to settle their differences without much litigation. With respect to the play itself, it was *nearly* secured from the chance of being brought out, (at least so early) by the 150 pages of large octavo, which the plot takes to work in, first to last, but what will not the improved system of dramatizing literature attain to? The age which has increased the power of steam, and the operations of chemistry so wonderfully, has given apparently equal facilities to the art, technically termed "Play Vamping"—and behold! a miracle! a piece, which according to the noble author himself, has taken him four years from conception to birth, has been with no other aid than a pair of scissors, or a blotting pen, condensed into the representative size of a five act tragedy. Happily for Lord Byron, his great work was of that description which had nothing to fear from the ordeal. But *avarice* was at the bottom of all this, and to avarice, the fame, the feelings, and the dignity of those who write for the instruction and amusement of the public, are to be sacrificed, whenever the managers meet with a name of sufficient importance to be hazarded for *their* benefit.

The tragedy has been much cut down for the stage, and the curtailments have not been judiciously made, for it is not merely to conversations and soliloquies that the pruning knife has been confined, but the tragedy has been shorn of most of its poetical beauties. The character of the *Doge* was assigned to Mr. COOPER, who sustained it very creditably, and displayed great judgment in many instances, in several scenes he merited and received much applause; and in the delivery of one passage, the cheers were thrice three times repeated; but this was principally owing to the sentiment;—

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"There's not a history  
But shows a thousand crown'd conspirators  
*Against* the people; but to set them free  
One Sovereign only died, and one is dying."

Mr. WALLACK as *Israel Bertuccio*, the chief conspirator sustained the character excellently, and gave some fine passages with good effect;—and in a manner equally creditable to her talents, Mrs. WEST gave that of *Angiolina*, with a mixture of feeling and dignity, which afforded a fine relief to the severe features of her husband's patriotism. BROMLEY, as one of the conspirators, and FOOTE, as one of the patri- cians, exhibited their claims, and received the just meed of approbation. We have not room farther to particularize, and shall therefore dismiss the whole with an honest expres- sion of applause, including every one concerned in the get- ting up of the tragedy, "except those who are responsible for the violence done to the noble author's inclinations in getting it up at all."

April 26th.—Mother and Son—Mystification—Rosina.

27th.—Pizarro—Mystification.

28th.—The Poor Gentleman—The Maid and the Magpie.

30th.—Marino Faliero—The Sleeping Draught.

May 1st.—Marino Faliero—High Notions.

2d.—Marino Faliero—Frightened to Death.

3d.—Marino Faliero—Giovanni in London.

4th.—Marino Faliero—Giovanni in London.

5th.—Love in a Village—Raising the Wind.

The opera was performed to a brilliant audience, in which Mr. BRAHAM and Miss WILSON made their re-ap- pearance after their country excursion. Mr. BRAHAM, ever delightful, never gave more complete satisfaction than in the character of *Hawthorn*. In most of his songs he was *encored*. The charming ballad of "*Friend of my soul, this goblet sip*" he gave in a tone of the sweetest melody. Miss WILSON has acquired more confidence and self-pos- session, which enable her to display her scientific skill to the greatest advantage. Her brilliancy of execution and softness of expression in the sweet duet of "*When thy bos- som heaves the sigh*," with BRAHAM, called forth the warmest applause. She was not less successful in the difficult duet of "*Together let us range the fields*," with Mr. HORN, who, in the character of *Young Meadows*, con- tributed in no small degree to the entertainment of the evening. The manager may well indeed boast of his



"operatic establishment." Mr. MUNDEN, as *Justice Woodcock*, excited the risible muscles of the audience, and KNIGHT's *Hodge*, was in the true spirit of rural nature.

May 7.—The Duenna—The Sleeping Draught.

8.—The Kind Impostor—The Weathercock.

CIBBER's lively comedy of "*She Would and She Would not*" was represented, or rather misrepresented, in the shape of an Operatic Drama. The process of transmutation has destroyed a great portion of the admirable comic effect possessed by the original without imparting any musical excellence to the piece. Miss CUBITT was encored in "*A Young Don once a Damsel Lov'd*." Madame VESTRIS represented the arch *Hypolita* with great vivacity, and MUNDEN trusted more to himself than to what was "set down for him." Mr. HORN and Mr. T. COOKE executed the songs allotted to them in the best style. The piece was received with applause.

9.—The Heir at Law—Modern Antiques.

"Like angel visits few and far between."

The performances this evening were by command of HIS MAJESTY, who honoured the theatre with his presence, as he had done Covent Garden on the evening before. The theatre was of course crowded to excess, and HIS MAJESTY was received with the most ardent and enthusiastic cheers. After "*God save the King*" and "*Rule Britannia*" had been sung, the play was suffered to proceed. The comedy was admirably cast, and it is almost unnecessary to say the actors emulously exerted themselves to render their efforts worthy of their illustrious visitor. We should in vain seek for better representatives of *Dr. Pangloss*, *Ezekiel Home-spun*, and *Cicely*, than HARLEY, KNIGHT, and Miss KELLY. In the farce MUNDEN's *Cockle-top*, was, as it has always been, a masterpiece of comic acting. HIS MAJESTY appeared highly pleased with it, as well as with the whole evening's amusement. HIS MAJESTY appeared in excellent health and spirits.

10.—*Artaxerxes*—*Mystification*—*Thérèse*.

11.—The Kind Impostor—The Innkeeper's Daughter.

12.—*Love in a Village*—*Giovanni in London*.

14.—*Marino Faliero*—*Giovanni in London*.

"The Queen—Look to the Queen."—SHAKESPEARE.

HER MAJESTY honoured the Theatre with her presence this evening, attended by Lord and Lady HOOD and Mr. AUSTIN. Her visit being totally unexpected, no preparation had been made for her reception. The play had commenced before it transpired that HER MAJESTY was in the house. "*The Queen! the Queen! God save the Queen!*" was loudly called for, and the actors became inaudible in the confusion. Mr. ELLISTON however came forward and begged permission to continue the play, as the vocal corps had been sent for, and that on its conclusion the national anthem should be sung. The play then proceeded, but with great interruption and shouts of "*The Queen! the Queen!*" At the end of the tragedy, "*God save the King*" was executed in a very efficient style, the audience substituting the word "*Queen*" at the end of every verse. After staying to see one or two scenes of the afterpiece, HER MAJESTY and suite retired in the same private way as they had entered, and it was some minutes before their departure was known to the audience.

May 15.—The Duenna—The Midnight Hour.

16.—The Kind Impostor—Pas: Ten o'Clock, and a Rainy Night.

17.—Artaxerxes—The day after the Wedding—Who's who?

18.—The Kind Impostor—Thérèse.

19.—Love in a Village—Giovanni in London.

21.—Pizarro—Giovanni in London.

22.—The Duenna—Giovanni in London.

23.—Artaxerxes—The Mayor of Garratt—The Bee Hive.

24.—Guy Mannering—Past Ten o'Clock.

25.—Dramatist—Day after the Wedding—Giovanni in London.

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## COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

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"Lo! where uprears its head—yon splendid dome

(To which all *foreign outcasts* roam)

Falsely term'd "*classic!*" and where SHAKSPEARE's page,  
Is turn'd and twisted—said—"to please the age"

Where jumpers tumblers—harlequins, and clowns,  
 Rope dancers too, display their ups and downs,  
 And French grimaciers exert their skill,  
 To gorge our children to their utmost fill;  
 But ev'n at these the public voice shall scoff  
 And in derision HISS DISGUSTED OFF!" C.

April 23.—*Virginius*—Undine or the Spirit of the Waters [1st time]. In the tragedy Miss BEAUMONT sustained (for the 1st time) the character of *Virginia* (in the place of Miss FOOTE) and was most successful. Mr. MACREADY's *Virginius* can receive no addition from any panegyric we could bestow. Mr. ABBOTT as *Appius* and Mr. C. KEMBLE as *Icilius* sustained their respective parts with their usual propriety.

After the play a new splendid melo-dramatic Romance was produced for the holidays. It merits indeed the appellation of splendid, if mere show be sufficient for that distinction; but if there be any who adopt the sentiments of the moral bard—

"Tis *use* alone that sanctifies *expense*,  
 And *splendour* borrows all its rays from *sense*,"

It must be admitted, that this piece has few attractions for a sober mind. The imaginations which dance in unison with all the visionary creations of an eastern dream, that indulge in those aberrations of the mind which

"———Give to airy nothings  
 A local habitation and a name"

Who care not what agents are called up from the *blue æther*—or the *emerald wave*,—the depths of *earth*—or the fierce world of *fire*, for their gratification, will observe "*Undine*" with peculiar predilection. It developes alone the "*wonderful and wild*"—it addresses itself to the remnant of that credulity and fondness for the marvellous which has escaped with us from the nursery, and which may not be unaptly termed the leading-strings of the mind. We must say that we do not approve of a *rational* stage exhibiting such unreasonable fancies; but while *something* must be done we certainly have no hesitation in saying that no-

thing of the kind could be done much better. This piece is partly founded on the "*Arabian Nights*"—partly on the "*Lay of the last Minstrel*" (whose *Yellow Dwarf* has been called into requisition, and in the person of GRIMALDI constitutes the most important agent in the piece) and partly from a German fairy romance of the name of "*Undine*" by the Baron de la Motte Foque, translated into English by Mr. SOANE. The following is a short sketch of the story. *Undine* [Miss E. DENNETT] is a Naiad whom Kuhlebon the Water King [Mr. FARLEY] has stolen from her father's care in her infancy and placed in the cottage of a fisherman. He by his power fills the surrounding forest with spirits and goblins which deter all access, Sir *Huldbrand* a chivalrous Knight, however, penetrates the wood, meets with *Undine*, and in the true spirit of romance falls in love with her. He succeeds in rescuing her from the thralldom of *Kuhlebon* and in spite of the exertions of *Gyblin* [Grimaldi] conveys her to his castle.

The subject affords a fine opportunity for the scene painter, and GRIEVE and PUGH have made the most of it. The submarine grotto of *Kuhlebon*, the colonade of the palace, and the chrystal palace itself, which is afterwards converted into the temple of the fire philosophers, are matchless efforts of scenic skill. The gardens of the castle of Ringstetten is an admirable perspective delusion. The performers gave the piece every aid—but the plot developed itself very tediously. The beauty of the scenery, however, carried it triumphantly over the impatience of the audience, and it was given out for repetition with decided applause, and has been performed since to crowded audiences.

April 24.—She stoops to Conquer—*Undine*.

Miss *Hardcastle* was sustained by Mrs. DAVISON, a pleasure which of late we have seldom had an opportunity of enjoying. We shall not enter into any particular delineation of a part or performance with which our readers must be well acquainted, suffice it say Mrs. DAVISON's sterling powers were never displayed with more spirit and effect as the audience unanimously and ardently testified. After the play the SIEUR DAVOUST presented the audience with a *Marche Aerienne*; he ascended from the stage to the proscenium, which he traversed with his head downwards,

evinced the possession of astonishing nerve and muscular power; in that position also he ate and drank, beat a drum, &c. He waltzed and, with the most perfect self-possession, kept time with the music. He finished by placing the toe of one foot in his mouth while suspended from the top of the proscenium by the hook and staples which attached his other foot to it. In this fearful exploit he received much applause not unmixed with dread and anxiety, and we must say that such an exhibition of strength, of nerve, and muscular power we have never before witnessed. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester were in the house.

April 25.—Rob Roy—London Stars—Undine.

26.—Venice Preserved—Undine.

27.—Guy Mannering—Davousts performances—Undine.

The Opera was performed for the purpose of bringing a Gentleman for the first time before the public as *Henry Bertram*, but he was completely unsuccessful in his attempt. Mrs. FAUCIT was the *Meg* and played it in very good style, Miss GREENE, was *Lucy Bertram*, and Miss LOVE, *Julia Mannering*. Prince LEOPOLD, and the Duchess of KENT were present.

28.—The Stranger—Undine.

29.—Romeo and Juliet—Undine.

Miss DANCE was the *Juliet* (for the first time) and was very successful. Her first scene in the garden went off with the happiest effect. She gave the fullest and the purest force to the amatory pathos of the whole scene. But she dashes her performance with a sort of constitutional melancholy not quite befitting the part of Juliet, in whose wayward story, melancholy is an incident and a consequence far more than it is a cause. Mr. KEMBLE (*Romeo*) and Mr. JONES (*Mercutio*) are two well known to need eulogium.

May 1.—The Slave—Undine.

Miss HALLANDE made her first appearance in the character of *Zelinda*, hitherto sustained by that "child of English melody" Miss STEPHENS, and it was an undertaking of no small hazard. Miss H., however, by the trial, has increased her reputation. The richness of her tones and compass of her voice were conspicuous and when to these she added the finished graces of scientific acquirement her station in the profession must be among the very first. We

were particularly struck with her execution of the delightful air of "*Sons of Freedom hear my Story*," which was rapturously encored. Of Mr. MACREADY's performance of *Gambia* it is unnecessary to say a word; public opinion has done him justice, and it is not in our power to add to the impression, in which we so sincerely concur.

May 2.—Henri Quatre—Undine.

Miss FOOTE appeared for the first time since her indisposition in the part of *Louison*, she was of course received with the greatest applause. Mr. C. KEMBLE being indisposed the character of *Eugene de Biron* was given to Mr. CONNOR, and that of *O'Donnel* to Mr. COMER. After the conclusion of the play Messrs. DECOUR and ESBRAYAT, "known by the name of the two Hercules' of France" displayed uncommon strength and agility. But the audience appeared to feel that this exhibition was more fit for the fairs of Greenwich or Bartholomew—and therefore condemned it altogether.

3.—Romeo and Juliet—Undine.

4.—Rob Roy—Undine.

5.—Henri Quatre—London Stars—Undine.

7.—She Stoops to Conquer—London Stars—A Roland for an Oliver.

The performances were by his MAJESTY's command who attended the theatre and was received with enthusiastic demonstrations of respect. His MAJESTY appeared highly pleased with the performance. Mr. Liston, in *Tony Lumpkin*, and Mr. Yates's imitations were particularly honored with His notice.

8.—Don John; or, the Two Violettas.—Undine.

9.—Venice Preserved.—Decour's feats of strength.—Undine.

10.—Rob Roy.—Undine.

11.—The Provoked Husband.—Undine.

Miss DANCE made her *first appearance* (in Comedy) as *Lady Townley*, and was well received, but she evidently wants more study: she has a just conception of the character as a whole, and bestows on it all the grace and elegance that can be desired, but many parts are slurred over with a total indifference to the point that might be imparted to them. Mr. C. KEMBLE, as *Lord Townley*, ably portrayed the embittered feelings of a man whose domestic felicity was

utterly destroyed. The other characters were effectually sustained.

May 12.—Provoked Husband.—Undine.

14.—The Antiquary.—London Stars.—Tom Thumb.

15.—The Tempest.—Too late for Dinner.

SHAKSPEARE'S "*Tempest*," which has already been mutilated and transformed into all manner of shapes by D'Avenant, Dryden, and J. P. Kemble, has been again doomed to suffer new mutilations and transformations by more ignoble hands. It has now been *changed* into an *Opera*!!—spirit of SHAKSPEARE! didst thou but view the deadly havoc made amongst thy divine works by the sacrilegious hands of our modern hireling "play-vampers," thou couldst not forbear weeping at that degenerate taste that cannot only authorize, but even applaud the gothic demolition of a pile that should have been preserved, unaltered, untouched for ever! But alas!

"The age demands it, and the age allows it."

And we are doomed to witness a farrago of unmeaning nonsense introduced into the finest dramas ever produced, culled from old plays, old poets, and old musicians.

Mr. MACREADY was the *Prospero* of the *Opera*, but he was not Shakspeare's *Prospero*; in fact, we think he exerted himself, but slightly. Miss STEPHENS and Miss HALLANDE as *Dorinda* and *Miranda*, were perfectly "*At home*" in their characters, and executed the songs in a very sweet and simple style. Miss FOOTE did not please us in *Ariel*—but we must say that EMERY, as *Caliban*, and FARREN, as *Stephano*, acted admirably. We need not add, that the Scenery was of the most splendid description.

16.—The Provoked Husband.—Undine.

17.—The Tempest.—Undine.

Young Grimaldi took the part of Gyblin, in "*Undine*" this evening, (in the place of his father, who is gone on a country excursion,) and went through it with all that activity which it requires.

18.—The Provoked Husband.—Undine.

19. The Tempest.—Undine.

The Queen visited this Theatre this evening, but quite privately, as she had done Drury Lane. When she was recognized, she was hailed with one universal shout of applause, accompanied with waving of hats and handkerchiefs.

"*God save the Queen*" resounded like a peal of thunder throughout the theatre; and when the national anthem was sung, each verse concluded as at the other theatre. Her MAJESTY retired after the play was over.

May 21.—*Romeo and Juliet*.—*Undine*.

22.—*The Tempest*.—*The Grand Tour*; or, stopped at Rochester.—[1st time.]

The plot of this farce may be detailed in a few words.

*Sebright*, a waggish artist, (JONES,) *Blushington*, his friend, (DURUSET,) and *Blushington's* French Valet, (YATES,) having joined in purchasing a lottery ticket, become entitled to £2000, (it being drawn a prize) which they agree to spend in making *The Grand Tour* together. But arriving at Rochester, they stop there till their cash is nearly exhausted. *Blushington* contrives to win the heart of *Letty*, (Miss BEAUMONT,) the daughter of *Venture*, (BLANCHARD,) who had contracted her to *Violet*, (LISTON,) a cockney oilman, in London, whom he has never seen. This circumstance comes to the knowledge of *Sebright*, through the simplicity of (EMERY,) a drunken Yorkshireman, servant to *Violet*, he undertakes to secure the union of his friend with the young lady, which he at last succeeds in, and out of his contrivances for that purpose, arise the ludicrous incidents of the piece.

JONES was all spirit and vivacity, although he sustained nearly the whole burden of the piece on his shoulders. LISTON had very little to do. EMERY's Yorkshireman was personated with his accustomed fidelity—and YATES spluttered his French-English with inimitable drollery. The piece, which we understand is from the pen of Mr. MORTON, was eminently successful.

23.—*Provoked Husband*.—*The Grand Tour*.

24.—*Tempest*. Ibid.

25.—*Ibid*.—*Undine*.

26.—*Provoked Husband*.—*Grand Tour*.

## MINOR DRAMA.

### SURREY THEATRE.

First and foremost in the row of Minor Theatres stands



the *Surrey*; Indeed were it not for the word "*Patent*" this theatre from the excellent variety of its performances and its inimitable company of actors, under the guidance of Mr. Dibdin (a modern Lope de Vega)—would claim a first-rate place among the "amusements of the day"—and entitle it to rank with its brethren of "a larger growth."

Indeed to follow Mr. Dibdin through all his mazes and meanderings (as a cotemporary writer observes) would be impossible, as well might we attempt to repeat from memory the "*Arabian Nights Entertainments*" or pursue a comet through the boundless space, until he

"Curbs the red yoke, and mingles with the sun."

Mr. Dibdin does not astonish more from the radiations of his brilliant talents, than delight by the faithful portraits he draws of human nature, pourtraying from our best novelists,

"Men as they ought to be, not as they are."

We certainly think he may fairly be assigned a place amongst our best dramatic writers of the present day. From the nature of the performances to which his Theatre is restricted, it is really a matter of wonder he does so much, and so well; he must be admitted

"A writer confessed with few rivals to shine,  
As a wit—if not first—in the very first line."

Our remarks upon the performances of his Theatre for this month must unfortunately be brief, but we shall in our future Numbers assign a much larger space for them, which we are certain will be in unison with the wishes of most of our readers. As the productions of Mr. Dibdin are decidedly superior to those of his monopolizing competitors, witness "*The President and the Peasant's Daughter*," "*The Heart of Mid Lothian*," "*Giovanni on Horseback*," "*The Abbott of San Martino*," "*The Vicar of Wakefield*," and many others; pieces which scarcely any other Theatre in London can equal.

After having been most elegantly re-decorated with a degree of classic taste and correctness of execution, reflecting the greatest credit on the talents of the excellent artists employed, and the liberality of the proprietor, the house opened (after a recess of 3 weeks) on Easter Monday. The enter-

tainments were the deservedly popular burletta of "*The Daughters of Danaus and the Sons of Ægyptus*," the Melodrama of "*Alonzo the Brave*," and a new burletta entitled "*The Two Gregories*" a most humorous and entertaining little piece.—When we say that the characters were sustained by those old favourites, WATKINS, FITZWILLIAM, and Miss COPELAND, our assertion will be believed, that we never spent an half-hour more deliciously in our lives than in sitting to see this laughable production of Mr. Dibdin's fertile brain.

"*The Mysterious Mother*" of Horace Walpole, termed by Lord Byron, "a tragedy of the highest order, and not a puling love-play," was produced on Thursday, May 10th, but with some curtailments, which were highly necessary. Mr. HUNTLEY played Count EDMOND admirably; we would particularize his scene with the Friar *Benedict*, when his mother is horror-struck at the sight of him, which drew down thunders of applause. Miss TAYLOR as the *Countess*, elicited great approbation. If this lady would dispense with a certain unpleasant hysterical catch in her voice, at each aspiration of her breath, it would add greatly to the force and beauty of her declamation. We mean this piece of advice as no disparagement to Miss TAYLOR, who really is a very good actress, and has a clear fine voice; but it wants a little more cultivation.

May 18th, another new spectacle was produced under the title of "*The Seven Champions of Christendom*," which for splendour of decoration, picturesque scenery, grand and appropriate dresses, and fascinating music, eclipses the very best efforts of this house. The grand entree of the Seven Wise Men of Greece—the Seven Kings of the Heph-tarchy, and the Seven Champions with their Seven Squires, is equal in point of splendour to any thing of the kind we ever saw: and the Hall of Chivalry with the banquet, quite enraptured the audience. We cannot refuse our tribute of admiration to the following specimens of scenic skill:—Stonehinge—distant view of Coventry, and a picturesque view of Windsor, which were excellent. Mr. RIDGWAY, as *St. George*, FITZWILLIAM, as his *Squire*, and Miss POOLE, as *Sabra*, were highly applauded; and the whole was received with the greatest *eclat*. The Pantomime of "*The*

*Poet's last Shilling*," followed for the purpose of introducing PAULO, as *Clown*. Mr. WYATT, as the poor poet, was irresistably comic, and Mr. Ridgway's Harlequin, full of life, spirit, and vigour.

#### SADLER'S WELLS

Has commenced its career under the auspices of Mr. EGERTON, of Covent Garden. The house has undergone some very material alterations; the scenery and decorations are entirely new, and the season has been ushered in with several new and interesting pieces. The first of these (produced on Easter Monday, "*The Mountain Hut*," ) is a translation from the French, and got up in a manner highly creditable. The next, "*Easter Hunting, or, the Johnny Newcomes at Epping*," is highly ludicrous, and is a very laughable burlesque upon Cockney sportsmen. It consists of a succession of calamities that befall the Newcome family in their enjoyment of the sports of the field, and it may serve to convey an amusing idea to those who have not witnessed this truly diverting scene. Mr. G. Smith, Mr. Payne, and Miss Johnstone, are among the vocal performers; the latter lady is no small acquisition to the stage. The grand spectacle of "*Black Beard*" has been produced with great splendour, and Mr. WILKINSON, of the English Opera, than whom

" ————— a merrier man

Within the limits of becoming mirth

We never spent an hour's talk withal,"

has appeared in the character of *Popeseye*, in a burletta entitled "*More frightened than hurt*," with the highest comic effect;—and also in *Hookey Walker*, which, next to his *Geoffry Muffincap*, (in "*Amateurs and Actors*," ) may be considered as his best part. Several new pieces are advertised as being in preparation, among them a splendid Pantomime, the whole of which shall receive an extended notice in our second number.

#### ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

"Last, but not least, in our dear love"—

Comes MATHEWS—the indefatigable—the irresistible—the

eccentric Mathews, with his "*Trifles light as AIR.*" But the shafts of criticism are useless upon such

"A fellow of infinite jest, such a man  
Of most excellent fancy."—SHAKSPEARE.

For the weapon, with which we critics are endowed, falls useless by our side, and that *censure* which unfortunately we are so often obliged to bestow upon others, when Mr. Mathews appears, dwindles into the most unlimited *praise*. There is a richness of humour in every thing he says and does; his looks, his action, his tone and manner are so irresistibly comic—and he so fully identifies himself with such amazing versatility, with the various characters which occur in the course of his various entertainment, as are striking proofs of the extraordinary talent which this gentleman possesses in the highest degree. To describe the varieties of his "*At Home,*" would be to fill a volume; but we must say, that of his entertainments for the present season, the *Adventure in the Polly Packet*, is by far the best, and which, in point of novelty, variety, and humorous sketches of character, surpasses all its predecessors. The public well know how to appreciate Mr. Mathews's talents, and overflowing houses attend him on each night of his performance.

"His eye begets occasion for his wit,  
For, every object that the one doth catch,  
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;  
That aged years play truant at his tales,  
And younger hearings are quite ravished."

The press of matter compels us to postpone the insertion of our review of Lord Byron's *Tragedy, Dramatic Town Talk*, and other interesting articles, till our next.

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